



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"I WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR A FOX HAD BEEN STEALING YOUR POULTRY AGAIN. HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!"
 "OH, WE CAN BEAR IT, MISS, THANK YOU KINDLY. YOU SEE THE SLOPSHIRE HUNT COUNTRY COMES UP TO OUR FARM ON ONE SIDE, AND THE JOWLERS ON THE OTHER, SO WE MAKE A CLAIM ON BOTH, AND **THEY EACH PAY FOR THE OLD HENS!**"

NAPOLIANA.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi — ?*"—*Old Proverb.*

[*"Lord ROSERREY is going to his villa at Naples as soon as his political duties permit of his leaving England."*—*Society News.*]

NAY, tempt me not until my task is o'er!

The little rift within the Party's lute

Must show a wider aperture before

I don my sailor-suit.

ASQUITH has need of me! One cannot tell

But what, were I across the estranging sea,

He'd play the Honeysuckle to the spell

Of busy Campbell-Bee.

Give me a few more days with voice and pen

To make the Liberal cleavage trebly sure—

Then Naples! then the crown of labour! then

The *far niente* cure!

Land of the azure sky and lucent air!

(Well-known to fame through Mr. FILDES, R.A.),

My sanatorium, my rest from care,

My milky Wei-hai-Wei!

Ah, sweet, in any case, when feeling slack,

Here to imbibe the balm of southern May,

And watch the Capri steamers, there and back,

Plough the cerulean bay!

But sweeter far, outstretched at full extent,

To taste the honest labourer's ease of mind,

Knowing that you have left a monument

Of patient toil behind!

Was such the thought that in his bosom leapt,

NAPOLÉON's, when, with nothing much to do,

From Elba's isle his eagle glances swept

This self-same tideless blue?

How did the climate suit his active ways?

Did he repose on work's accomplished west?

Or say, when asked about his latest "phase,"

"*I have a couple left*"?

Myself, like him, have wreathed my conquering brow,

Done time in exile, lying very low,

And am in act of working off, just now,

My Hundred Days or so.

He loved the big battalions; so do I;

Which ends the parallel between us two;

For, till I get them, I refuse to try

My luck at Waterloo.

Besides, I have a solace in reserve—

Always my villa on the Baïre shore

To shield me should the fighting shake my nerve,

Or grow to be a bore.

O. S.

COMMON COMPLAINT AMONG THE REJECTED OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—*Angina Pictoris.*

To all "good judges of traitors" we recommend the new game of Russian Scandal, based on GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales*.

ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY GUIDE.

OUR Special Commissioner, after spending several months, not to mention a needless amount of money, on the Isle of Wight, has at last prepared a simplified time-table of the trains from Ryde. He has not yet investigated the return trains. He says it takes time, as almost every mile of railway belongs to a different company.

| | A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. | P.M. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|-------|----------------------------|---------|--------|
| Ryde (Pier Head) - - | 7.59 | 8.1 | C | 2.59 | 3.1 |
| Ryde (Pier Foot) - - | 8.10 | 8.12 | | A | H |
| Ryde (Esplanade) - - | 8.15 | Stop | | 3.15 | H |
| Ryde (First turning on left) - - - - | A | | | 3.20 | H |
| Ryde (Centre of town) - | 8.25 | 11.29 | | 3.25 | H |
| Ryde (End of town) - | 8.30 | B | 12.56 | 3.30 | H |
| Brading - - - - | 9.0 | | D | 4.0 | J |
| Bembridge - - A.M. | 11.45 | | 3.50 | Ch'ng'e | B |
| Sandown (dep.) - - | 6.40 | 9.11 | Stop | trains. | K |
| Newport (arr.) - - | 7.25 | K | | E | 8.50 |
| Cowes (arr.) - - | 8.18 | | P.M. | F | 10.21 |
| Newport (dep.) - - | 7.20 | | 6.50 | | 8.49 |
| Freshwater (arr.) - B | | 10.1 | | G | 11.25 |
| Shanklin - - - - | 9.45 | | | 6.56 | L |
| Ventnor - - - - | 10.10 | | Direct train to Bembridge. | 7.30 | 3.15 B |

A Stops to put down through passengers from Helsingfors, Sorrento, Seville and Brixton.

B Time of arrival uncertain.

C Starts from Ryde (Pier Head) on the fifth Saturday in the month.

D Stops on alternate Mondays, except in Leap year.

E Train shunted here for engine-driver's tea.

F Passengers for Cowes proceed *via* Portsmouth, Eastleigh and Southampton.

G Passengers for Freshwater proceed by sea *via* Cherbourg.

H Stops to set down through passengers from Vancouver, Buenos Ayres, Mogadore, Mandalay and Clapham Junction.

J Does not stop for anyone. Passengers must change and proceed *via* Portsmouth, Oxford, Liverpool, Bristol and Southampton.

K This train remains here, but another starts soon after, and arrives at the following stations sooner or later.

L Arrives about 6.59 if it has ever started.

Our Commissioner states that these are all the trains now running. He has, however, heard rumours of a train which started from Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. about a month ago, and is now believed to be somewhere between Newport and Freshwater. As this train appears to be untrustworthy it is not included in this time-table, which is intended to be absolutely correct and complete.

FARES FROM RYDE (PIER HEAD).

| | Single. | | | Return. |
|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| | 1 cl. | 2 cl. | 3 cl. | 1 or 2 cl. |
| Town (any part) - - - | 2 6 | 2 5 | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 9 9 |
| Brading - - - - | 4 2 | 4 1 | 1 | 15 4 |
| Bembridge - - - - | 7 6 | 7 5 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 27 6 |
| Sandown - - - - | 11 4 | 11 3 | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | 34 2 |
| Newport - - - - | 15 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 15 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 55 3 |
| Shanklin - - - - | 16 2 | 16 1 | 2 | 66 2 |
| Ventnor - - - - | 18 9 | 18 8 | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 80 9 |
| Cowes - - - - | 25 4 | 25 3 | $2\frac{3}{4}$ | 100 7 |
| Freshwater - - - - | 33 1 | 33 0 | $3\frac{1}{4}$ | 110 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

Note.—There is no third-class. Holders of third-class tickets to Town (any part) are allowed to walk. Those having third-class tickets to any other part of the Island,

except Sandown and Freshwater, are allowed to travel in second-class carriages by the train leaving Ryde (first turning on the left) at 9.27 P.M. except on alternate Bank Holidays. Passengers with third-class tickets for Sandown and Freshwater are similarly allowed to travel by the train leaving Ryde (Pier Head) at 4.45 P.M., but only on the fifth Tuesday in the month. Holders of through tickets from Nijni Novgorod can travel by this train on any day.

SMOOTHING IT OVER.

(A Ballad of Party Unity.)

If you're formed to be a Smoother you, will act upon the plan,
Which is very right and proper, of attaching man to man;
And you'll prove that their attachment is perspicuously clear
When they grip each other tightly by the hair or by the ear.
From their closely linked embraces
And the flushing of their faces
You infer they love each other, having made their battle cease
Not so much by stopping fighting as by saying it is peace.

If the principles they rave about your party forces scatter,
Stick to non-essential details—they're the only things that matter;
And when'er your varied sections take to pummelling with fists,
You can reconcile their quarrel by denying it exists.
All this truculent commotion
Shows affection, nay devotion;
And when I curse my enemy you soothe me, and reply
That he spared me half an eyelash after gouging out my eye.

If a statesman, while declaring he's averse from party schism,
Has denounced our warlike methods as the ways of barbarism;
If another quite as fervent has declared with equal zest
That such methods are the mildest, the humanest, and the best—
From this internecine ruction
There is only one deduction:—
So you strike an equal balance both of eulogy and blame,
And announce these adverse statements as demonstrably the same.

If in accents of conviction A. pronounces that it's flat
That the Home Rule dose is poison and he'll never swallow that;
And if B., with ardour blazing, says he never will give up
Taking draughts of Home Rule nectar till he's fairly drained the cup,
Then, by adding here a little
And subtracting there a tittle,
You arrive at the conclusion that the hostile A. and B.
In their attitude to Ireland fundamentally agree.

And lastly, when two gentlemen are parted very far,
You can make them be united by declaring that they are;
For there's nothing so attractive as the short and simple toil
Of commingling pints of vinegar with equal pints of oil,
Or of setting sturdy fellows
To apply themselves with bellows
To the task of making liquid scientifically rare
By adding to its volume and inflating it with air. "Tis."



THE HAUNTED MAN.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "NO HOLIDAY FOR ME! TOO MANY FIGURES ABOUT!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DECEPTIVE VIEWS.

(In the Paddock at Aintree.)



"SURELY THAT GREAT FAT MAN IS NOT GOING TO RIDE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. METHUEN has added a new joy to the *Sentimental Journey*. He has included it in his "Little Library," a series of books for the pocket (the one nearest the heart) designed to contain some of the famous works in English and other literatures, in the domains of fiction, poetry and *belles lettres*. Other samples of the beneficent work already published are two volumes that contain SUSAN FERRIER's novel, *Marriage*, which most of us have heard of and all may now read. My Baronite notes and appreciates the subtle touch whereby STERNE's work has preserved for it the appropriate appearance of age by reason of the type and the yellowing tone of the paper on which it is printed. Eighteenpence will buy any one of these masterpieces of English literature, never before so agreeably presented.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD has, among novelists, struck a fresh trail in *Lazarre* (GRANT RICHARDS). It tells the story of the last Dauphin of France, of whom all that sober history knows is that when the crash came he was removed to the Temple prison, according to some authorities died there, according to others was secretly spirited over to the United States. Miss CATHERWOOD adopts the latter version, and round

fact or fable weaves a story of rich human interest. Possibly here and there much writing makes the narrative a little obscure. On the whole the moving story is admirably told. In *Lazarre* she has created a figure which in spite of its squalid surroundings is, by reason of nobility of nature, king-like in its bearing. If it had been possible to the BOURBON to be as honest and generous-minded as the fugitive *Lazarre*, the history of France would have to be rewritten. The story is prettily set in a framework that vividly reproduces the scenes and manners of France in the early days of the Empire, and, even more elaborately, wild North America at the same epoch.

The Baron notes, for the sake of his holiday friends, a first-rate number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for April. Especially to be recommended for perusal, as being both amusing and instructive, are "A Londoner's Log Book," "Madame de Maintenon," and "A Few Conversationalists," whose witticisms seem so delightful in print. A "conversationalist," that is, some one who has the reputation for being a brilliant conversationalist (the epithet "goes without saying," as what host would invite you to meet a party of dull conversationalists, specially selected?),



"THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN."

is, as a rule, disappointing. He may not be in his usual "form"; or he may be served up at the banquet stuffed full of "chestnuts," or his wit may be mere rudeness and you yourself may be the object of it; or he may engross the entire conversation and not give you a chance of telling your one solitary "sparkler" which has been for many a year wont to set the table in a roar. Commend me to this number of the *Cornhill*, quoth

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A PING-PONG STUDY.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE-BEE.

(By Our Own M. Maeterlinck.)

[Those luckless persons who have never read M. MAETERLINCK'S *Treasure of the Humble and Life of the Bee*, will probably fail to grasp the profound philosophic meanings underlying the following fragment. Admirers of these works of the Belgian master, on the other hand, will obtain extraordinary gratification from its perusal.]

It is not my intention to write another treatise on Bees. These little creatures are of many varieties. There is the Domestic or Hive Bee, concerning which I have already written something. There is the Banded Bee, the so-called Carder Bee and the Carpenter Bee. There is also a B in both.

It is of none of these that I shall speak, but only of the Humble-bee, the great hairy, noisy creature that we all of us know so well. The Humble-bee builds its nest under bushes or in tunnels underground, and does not dwell in hives. And here, on the very threshold of our enquiry, as it were, we are met with a profound question. Why does it not dwell in hives?

We cannot say. It works aloof in a great mysterious silence whose words escape us. Perhaps there is no speech so eloquent as silence. On the other hand, perhaps there is no silence so eloquent as speech. I do not know. But I have sometimes lain awake when no one was speaking and not been able to hear a word. Others may have had the same experience. Our ears are all attuned to the noise of this world. They cannot hear the great Silences. And yet the Silences are there all the same.

These things are a mystery. For many years I have observed the Humble-bee. It is, in fact, the Bee in my Bonnet. But I have never yet understood it. I have followed it to its dwelling and tried to learn its sorrow, but I have not found it. Can it be that there was no sorrow to find? Perhaps these are things of which we must ever be ignorant. Some of us are like men beating with their hands upon a great door that they may not open. Others are like men pressing with all their might upon a door, and when they open it there is nothing on the other side. Our

real life is not the life that we live. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?

It is questions like these that present themselves to us with such insistence. We stretch out our hands to them and they do not heed. We cry to them and the tears run down our cheeks, but they do not answer.

Our friends, perhaps, cannot understand why we are thus moved. A few of them will seek to comfort us. Some will ask the cause of our tears. But we dare not tell them. Or if we do they fall away from us and we are left alone with our grief. Thrice happy, indeed, if even the gift of solitude be not denied us. I have known some men who, having been observed to pursue these investigations, *are never permitted to be alone!* An attendant, unseen perhaps, yet within hearing, is ever at their side watching lest they do themselves a mischief.

But this leaves our original question still unanswered. Why do Humble-bees not live in hives? Those who have read my earlier work on the Bee will feel no surprise on learning that it is from the loftiest motives. There is in the honey of the Humble-bee something poisonous, something inimical to man. I have known many in whom it causes headache and dizziness. It follows, therefore, that the Humble-bee will not dwell in man's hives because her honey disagrees with him.

There are some who are dissatisfied with the form of this syllogism. To them the motives of the Humble-bee must remain obscure. But to us they will shine with surpassing radiance. Let us reflect on this beautiful trait in these little creatures. Do they act in obedience to instinct, or does instinct act in obedience to them? Does the cart draw the horse or *vice versa*? Is Invention the daughter of Necessity or only her niece? We cannot tell. Thought is like a bird hopping from place to place seeking food. But it is only occasionally that it lights on the worm of Truth.

I have said elsewhere that each one of us is controlled by his Star. Is it so with the Humble-bee? We are as yet at the beginning of our knowledge of such things. Man, even with the best astrological training, has a difficulty in recognising his Star. This is because the Stars are always altering their places. Or, perhaps we alter our places and they stay still? Is the Humble-bee more fortunate in this respect?

Over these things, too, there is a veil. Yet sometimes, when we have dined, perhaps, and in moments of exhilaration, the veil seems to lift and we see. Occasionally we even see double. Our brain whirls. We can scarce stand upright. We cry aloud for joy and pain, and have to be supported by our friends. Some of us even see snakes and a great black dog. Then all is dark and the doctor is sent for.

What are these visions that we see? Are we more real than they, or are they more real than we? Is it we who are the cause of them, or are they the cause of us? Do two and two make five, or do they only appear to do so?

It may be doubted by some whether it is worth while to keep bees at all if the pursuit gives rise to these harassing problems. To bee or not to bee—that is the question, as a great poet realised more than three centuries ago. Perhaps it was to prevent such investigations from being pressed too closely that bees were furnished with stings.

Filial Youth (hesitatingly, being fearful of breaking the parental heart). Well, Mother, I've volunteered. We're off to the Front next week.

Spartan Mother. How many shirts will you want, my boy?

THE BOER "GENERAL'S" LAY.

["A South African Colonist" writes to the P.M.G. of Maroh 21, saying that a Boer maid-servant at Pretoria gave notice to her mistress in order that she might go to a Concentration Camp, alleging that she "did not see why she should work for a living when in such a camp she would be well looked after and have nothing to do but enjoy herself."]

Almachtig! no more work for me!

The *vrouw* must do without me!

I'll take Boer leave to-day—you see

I've got my wits about me!

Why should I scrub and slave and wear

The hated servant's *kapje*,

When all my *meisje*-friends take care

To go where they'll be happy?

JOHANNA reads the fashion-page,

BET plays her concertina,

While SANNIE'S going on the stage,

And sings duets with MINA.

They do not toil the whole day long,

Nay more, they've got a permit

To play a game that's called "Ping-pong"—

A long-*veld* want they term it!

The simple *Khakis* offer thus

Board and amusement gratis,

All through a mortal dread of us

(And pro-Boers too) they say 't is!

The Concentration Camp will give

A change I greatly needed,

Where like a lady I shall live

With all my wishes heeded!

The war, I hope, will last some while—

A year or more I'd stay for;

It will be *mooi* to live in style

That *rooineks* shall pay for!

If that Miss HOBHOUSE could but call,

The fun would be still richer!

This first of April, one and all,

What tales of woe we'd pitch her!

THE FALL OF EVE.

["All women are so busy writing mediocre books, painting mediocre pictures, and playing mediocre golf, that the race is just going to the dogs."—*Miss Arabella Kemsley*.]

O for the day when girls were girls—

Not rude athletic Vandals—

In crinolines, Jane Austen curls,

And sandals!

They did not to the golf-god bow,

Nor cultivate a passion

For holes and bunkers, as is now

The fashion;

They did not "scorch" in purple hordes,

Nor court untold disasters

On tandems perched behind their lords

And masters;

Nor struggle upwards, faint and weak,

With palpitating blouses,

A burden to themselves and eke

Their spouses.



IN A BAR, NEWMARKET.

Seedy Individual (to Knowing One). "D'YER WANT TO BUY A DIAMOND PIN CHEAP?"

Knowing One. "'ERE, GET OUT OF THIS! WHAT D'YOU TAKE ME FOR? A JUGGINS?"

S. I. "GIVE YER MY WORD IT'S WORTH SIXTY QUID IF IT'S WORTH A PENNY. AND YOU CAN 'AVE IT FOR A TENNER."

K. O. "LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT IT. WHERE IS IT?"

S. I. "IN THAT OLD GENT'S TIE. WILL YER 'AVE IT?"

They did not paint mild daubs to vex
The souls of Claudes and Titians,
Nor fill their own chaste vestal ex-
hibitions

With "still-life studies"—pears and
plums,
And grapes, and endless posies
Of lilies, white chrysanthemums
And roses.

The socks they did not scorn to
darn,

Nor left undecked the bonnet
Because they needs must write a yarn
Or sonnet.

Within their sweet domestic pale
No culprits were descried who
Would write a mediocre tale—
As I do.

MR. PUNCH'S REPRINTS.

II.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette" of 1658.

ASTERISKS.

THE late Protector was one of the CROMWELLS of Huntingdon, a well-to-do family who derive their name, though not their blood, from my old friend THOMAS CROMWELL, WOLSEY's jackal. NOLL, as we used to call him, was the second son.

Strength of a kind he had, but more obstinacy. His voice was clear and powerful. He uttered the famous words, "Take away that bauble," like a bull.

CROMWELL has been likened to JULIUS CÆSAR, but unjustly. I knew CÆSAR well. The two men had nothing in common save ambition and a large nose.

SIMON DE MONTFORT, I think, resembled NOLL more closely, making allowance for SIMON's ineradicable aristocracy. As he said to me before Lewes, "Noblesse oblige."

CROMWELL had warts on his face.

He liked music.

His son RICHARD is an ass.

I decline to know him.

From the "Times" of 1602.

C'est magnifique—et c'est la guerre! In other words, "Todgers's can do it when it likes." Briefly, *Hamlet*, the new play produced last night at the Globe Theatre, is superb. SHAKSPEARE has done many things in his time but never anything more *séduisant* than this. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* And the modern manner bids farewell to the noisy declamations of Mr. MARLOWE and his school. *Eheu fugaces! Tambourlaine* is no more; *voilà* the new *régime*. In *Hamlet*, which was admirably staged by Mr. BURBAGE, we have what is known in the jargon of the day as a "problem play," the leit-motif of which may be sufficiently expressed in the old pathetic question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" . . .

(*cetera desunt.*)

From the "Athenæum" of 1776.

The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON, the first volume of which lies before us, is a pretentious effort to chronicle the events of the later years of the Latin hegemony. The author's style is voluminous and



GROSS IMPERTINENCE.

Bounder (presuming on short acquaintance). "I SAY, MISS, WHAT A STRONG BIKE YOU MUST REQUIRE TO CARRY YOU!"

Lady Bikist (indignantly). "WHY? I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

Bounder. "BECAUSE I SEE YOU ARE JUST ON FIFTEEN STONE. HA! HA!"

ornate, and is too much disfigured by antithetical trickery. We might approve of his conclusions were it not that he misspells the name of CORNELIUS UMBO in the second footnote on page 93, and on page 421 he credits SPLENDENTIUS MENDAX with forty-five treatises, whereas he wrote but forty-four. Such errors witness only too eloquently to the slovenliness and want of responsibility that so frequently mark the work of the literary men of the day, and prove that Mr. GIBBON's case is no exception. Other volumes, we are informed, are to follow, but having detected the spurious character of the author so damningly, we can hardly be expected, in spite of the aristocratic encouragement lent by Lord SHEFFIELD to the undertaking, to profess any interest in the announcement.

From the "Sphere" of 1728.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A great fuss is being made about the brilliance of *The Dunciad*, Mr. POPE's new book, but I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a disgrace to letters. There are, of course, plenty of idle, satirical persons in London who, always pleased to see worthy things debased, will applaud Mr. POPE in his rude attacks on a number of highly-deserving authors; but this does not make *The Dunciad* a good book. In a world which prefers humour to bibliography it is time that someone spoke out, and I am proud to be the one. Mr. THEOBALD is an honoured friend of mine, with whom I lunch and exchange first editions and CHARLOTTE BRONTË's hairpins; and I protest with all my power against the unscrupulous treatment accorded him by Mr. POPE. That the charge of log-rolling will therefore be brought against me matters nothing, for I have already said, and will say again, that without log-rolling life in London would not be bearable.

From "Home Chat" of 1000 B.C.

Aunt AGNES has been asked the question, "What to do with the cold mammoth?" by so many readers, that she can no longer postpone a reply.

She therefore writes as follows: "In a small and well-regulated family a mammoth can, by careful husbandry, be made to last several months. At first it can be broiled or roasted in the nearest crater, or in any convenient geyser. After all that is needed has been eaten of the hot meat, boiled or stewed, it should be allowed to cool slowly. It may then be potted for breakfast use; or it may be shredded for pemmican; or it may be petrified for corridor use in our restaurant cars. The bones are equally serviceable in the settlement of Tribal difficulties or at the hustings. Finally, remember that Mammovril defies influenza."

"THE GIRL FROM —"

AFTER *The Girl from Maxim's* we are threatened with *The Girl from Jay's* (for mourning performances only, we suppose), which seems to suggest a period of commercial titles. A few hints may be serviceable to dramatists:

The Infant from Vickers Maxim's.
The Uncle from Attenborough's.
The Nephew from the Hôtel Cecil.
The Goose from Poole's.
The Swan from Edgar's.
The Blackie from Buzard's.
The Toreador from Liebig's.
The Pickle from Lazenby's.

To be in the fashion, the Haymarket play might be re-named *The Frocks from Paquin's*, and the Shaftesbury farce might enter on a new period as *Are you a Fortnum?*

AN ELEGY

ON THE LATE KING OF PATAGONIA.

[*"GUSTAVE LAVIARDE, otherwise known as ACHILLES I. King of Auracania and Patagonia, was sadly interfered with by the Government of Chili, so he retired to Europe and started an office for the sale of Auracanian and Patagonian Orders, his Lord Chamberlain being a publican in the quarter of Paris in which he lived."*—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE generous man will not deny
 Few monarchs' paths in life were
 stonier
 Than that one which was trodden by
 ACHILLES, King of Patagonia.

When he was crowned his subjects
 cheered,
 The bells were rung in every steeple,
 From which it certainly appeared
 He was the Father of his People.

But envy of his peaceful sway
 And of his just administration
 Inflamed in a disastrous way
 The rulers of the Chilian nation.

They drove ACHILLES from his throne
 To Paris, where his days were ended,
 And all impartial men will own
 Their action cannot be defended.

A credible informant says
 This conduct on the part of Chili
 Was much discussed for several days
 Both in Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

It shocked the virtuous English breast
 From Clapham Common to Belgravia,
 And moved all classes to protest
 At such unprincipled behaviour.

For when the strong oppress the weak
 On either side of the Pacific,
 You hear the British conscience speak,
 And then its language is terrific!



CLEANING THE SLATE.

He. "YOU REALLY MUST GIVE ME A DANCE, MISS BROOKS—IN FACT TWO."
 She. "I'M SO SORRY. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. MY CARD IS QUITE FULL."
 He. "OH, DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT THAT. I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER."

So votes of sympathy were sent
 (As happened to Armenia lately),
 But, though exceedingly well meant,
 They didn't help ACHILLES greatly.

He therefore made the best of things
 In Paris, where he lived contented—
 Like many other exiled Kings—
 In an *apartement* that he rented.

Lulled by the siren city's hum,
 Far from his former kingdom's
 borders,
 He made a modest annual sum
 By selling Patagonian Orders.

The prices for the various ranks
 Suited alike the rich and thrifty;
 A knighthood fetched a hundred francs,
 And other decorations fifty.

New Peers he made of every class,
 Counts, Barons, Viscounts he created;
 His Order of the Golden Ass
 Was very much appreciated.

And so ACHILLES died in peace,
 Chastened by Fate but not dejected,
 His neighbours wept at his decease,
 For he was very much respected.

Grief-stricken thousands came to gaze
 Upon his corpse with lamentations,
 Their manly breasts were all ablaze
 With Patagonian decorations.

And many a king I have in mind
 Will wait a longish time until he's
 As much regretted by mankind
 As Patagonia's ACHILLES!

Sr. J. H.



Flower-seller. "I'D PUT MY 'AT BACK A BIT, IF I WAS YOU, CAPTAIN."

Customer. "WHAT D'YE MEAN?"

Flower-seller. "WELL, IT MIGHT KEEP YER TIE DOWN."

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

I.

MR. PUNCH is aware that quite a number of books on the art of public speaking are in existence, but, however varying their methods, one grave defect is common to them all. They advise the tyro to study carefully the speeches of DEMOSTHENES and CICERO, of BURKE and MACAULAY, with the implication that he should adopt them as his models. Now, in every way, this is shockingly bad advice. DEMOSTHENES and CICERO had a certain fluency, no doubt, but the world has made a great deal of progress since their days. And why trouble about BURKE or MACAULAY? Their styles are quite hopelessly out of date. No, the young speaker who wishes really to

succeed must copy the illustrious orators of his own age.

To come at once to a practical example. PROFESSOR PERRY HELION is lecturing on Astronomy at the local Athenæum. You are invited to take the chair, which means, of course, that you will have to propose a vote of thanks to the Professor at the conclusion of his lecture. How will you prepare for your task most effectually? By reading CICERO or BURKE? Of course not. For such an occasion you cannot do better than select the First Lord of the Treasury as your model. Therefore you will cross your legs peacefully and go to sleep during the lecture; at its close you will rise slowly, and, in a sad, sweet voice, will speak somewhat as follows:—

"The duty, ladies and gentlemen,

which, as I apprehend, it is incumbent upon me to perform, cannot be discharged without some brief allusion to the far-reaching possibilities suggested by Mr.—Mr.—" (To a member of the audience: "What is his name?—HELION? Ah, thanks")—"suggested by Mr. HELION's paper. Whether, indeed, an equitable ratio of the gold to the silver currency"—("Eh, what?" to a member of the audience, as before)—"is a question which, since my friend opposite tells me that Astronomy and not, as I momentarily fancied, Bi-metallism, is the subject immediately before us, I need not pause to discuss. As a humble student of philosophy, I appreciated to the full the lecturer's remarks upon the last transit of Venus—if it was Venus. And the undoubted fact that Venus itself is a satellite of Jupiter suggests some deeper thoughts which—but the lecturer assures me that I am mistaken. Venus, as I am now informed, is *not* a satellite of Jupiter. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a child in such matters. But the lecturer, whom we may regard in the light of a permanent official, will be able to supply all legitimate information, having regard, of course, to the importance of the interests at stake. My position, I confess, is one of some difficulty. The vote of thanks which it was my duty to submit would be regarded, as I supposed, in the light of a non-contentious motion. Though sensible of some disappointment, I feel bound to defer to your wishes, and therefore withdraw it unreservedly."

Such a speech as this will go far to win you fame, and people may say that you're a second BALFOUR.

Or they may say—other things.

A REVOLUTIONARY RUMOUR.

[A morning paper suggests that there are signs of a reaction against table-tennis.]

ALAS! and is it even so?

Since all things change, must ping-pong go?

Henceforward in what channels
Shall sportsmen turn their energy
Who "muddied oafs" disdain to be,
And shrink from foolish flannels?

What other pastimes shall incite
To emulation and delight

The circles that are tip-top?
Shall champions future glories win
With marble or with spilkín,
Or records beat at whip-top?

Perish the thought! such musings seem
The fancies of an idle dream;

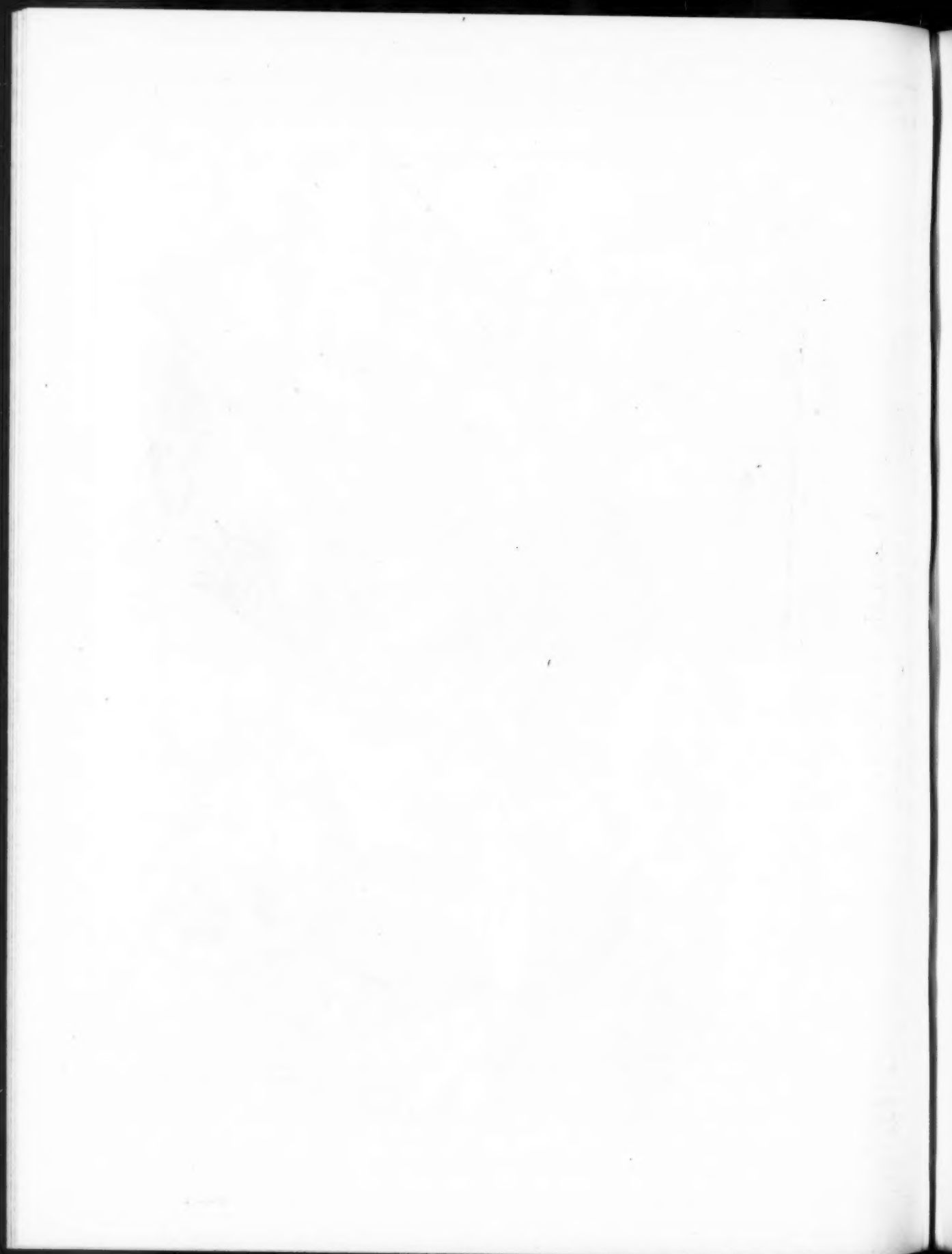
Still in its grasp despotic
Shall ping-pong hold us, well content
Until some genius shall invent
A craze more idiotic.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 2, 1902.



A ROYAL HOLIDAY.

FATHER NEPTUNE (to HIS MAJESTY). "WHERE TO, SIR?"
KING EDWARD. "OH, A LITTLE CRUISE IN HOME WATERS."





A SPOILT STORY.

Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story). "HARDLY HAD I TAKEN AIM AT THE LION ON MY RIGHT, WHEN I HEARD A RUSTLE IN THE JUNGLE GRASS, AND PERCEIVED AN ENORMOUS TIGER APPROACHING ON MY LEFT. I NOW FOUND MYSELF ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA!"

Interested Little Boy. "OH, AND WHICH DID YOU SHOOT FIRST—THE LION, OR THE TIGER, OR THE DILEMMA?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 24th.—Long time since the Dook had such serene hour as passed this evening in seat over clock, long associated with pleasant presence of the KING while still PRINCE OF WALES. Condition made happier by reflection that it came by way of unanticipated reward for observance of duty. Education Bill brought in to-night. In ordinary course the measure would be introduced by the Dook's interesting colleague, the Vice-President of the Council. By accident, equally regretted on Treasury Bench and Council of Education, JOHN O' GORST is laid on his back in his home by the Backs at Cambridge.

In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR undertook to introduce the Bill: been sapping at it for a fortnight. Nothing he dislikes more than facts—unless it be figures. Education Bill bristles with both. On his feet to-night, with unaccustomed sheaf of notes before him,

he realised conception of the good man struggling with adversity. Things occasionally got mixed: secular work, primary teaching, voluntary schools, local rating, municipal control, two-penny rate, County Councils, School Board, Imperial grant, parental liberty, educational efficiency—these were the headlines of his notes. Occasionally got piteously astray. At one crisis discovered he was sending the parents to school, and advocating with generous eloquence the liberty of the children to say whether their studies should be limited to purely secondary education, or whether they (Father and Mother) should be drafted into voluntary schools benefited by the provision that these institutions shall receive rate aid strictly in proportion to the secular work accomplished.

Began his exposition with pathetic appeal to Members not to interrupt with questions. "Later in the evening," he said, looking at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who instinctively assumed the expression and attitude of the sacrificial lamb, "my

hon. and learned friend will reply to any enquiries that may suggest themselves."

Had not got far before ROLLIT, forgetful or heedless of this appeal, rose to put a question. Roar of angry execration filled the Chamber. ROLLIT stood, his lips dumbly moving, perspiration beading his brow, threatening to course down his cheek and disarrange the symmetry of his semi-ducal waxed moustache. After a few moments' contest—it seemed a quarter of an hour—he dropped speechless into his seat.

PRINCE ARTHUR's kind heart touched; his instinctive courtesy shone with mellow light. At pains to help ROLLIT out of the pit into which he had wilfully fallen; insisted upon knowing what he would have said had he been permitted to speak. Nodded reassuringly at him; passed him a paper containing extracts from the Bill. Smiling in friendliest way, he said, "I know what my hon. friend was about to observe. He will find full explanation there."

Turned out he was entirely on the wrong track. ROLLIT sat with dazed

look studying the paper which had nothing to do with his point, whilst PRINCE ARTHUR, hopelessly at sea, staggering under sail like a ship that has struck a derelict in mid-ocean, drifted far astern to pick up thread of his interrupted discourse.

The little incident worth more than a triumph of lucid explanation. Who but PRINCE ARTHUR would thus have come to the assistance of another in difficulties directly due to disregard of a personal appeal?

The DOOK, up in the Peers' Gallery, missed this pretty scene; sat wide awake till PRINCE ARTHUR completed his preliminary review of history of the question. Dully there fell on his ear the remark, "Now I ask the House to pass to the subject of higher education." The DOOK's head dropped in attitude of devotion. So he sat attentive for a full hour. Disturbed by noise which at first he took to be SWIFT MACNEILL again addressing a meeting "within a few miles of Edinburgh." Opening his eyes he found PRINCE ARTHUR stretched in attitude of grateful relief on the Treasury Bench, whilst the House cheered plucky effort to explain the still obscure.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

Wednesday afternoon.—Quiet time; Lobby nearly empty; most Members, including C.-B., gone off for Easter Holidays. Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, on duty in the Whips' seat by the door, seizes opportunity to look through two more volumes of *State Trials*, just brought out by DUCKWORTH, edited, as were the others, by H. L. STEPHEN, one of Her Majesty's Judges in the High Court of Calcutta. The present inheritor of the Viscounty of Valentia, descended to his branch of the family when the Annesley Altham and Mountmorris titles lapsed, heard in boyhood of the strange case of the Annesley heir. Has also studied it in *Peregrine Pickle* and as presented by CHARLES READE in *The Wandering Heir*. Mr. STEPHEN has gone back to records of the case tried before the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, opening the 11th November, 1743, running through a full fortnight. It proves afresh how stranger far than fiction is truth.

Among other tragedies, related chiefly in the language of witnesses who appeared before the tribunals, are that of the murder of THOMAS THYNNE, for which Count KONIGSMARCK was put on his trial; the story of Earl ESSEX and his rebellion, in which one "Sir WA. RAWLEY" appears; and the trial of Lord BYRON, "the wicked Lord," whose brother was grandfather of the poet. On the 26th of January, 1765, the wicked Lord and other gentlemen of County Nottingham

met, according to weekly custom, to dine at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall Mall. A quarrel took place at the table. Lord BYRON beckoned out Mr. CHAWORTH. "The waiter showed them into a room on the floor below that in which they had dined, and left them there together with a poor little tallow candle, all they had for light except a dull fire." It was sufficient for Lord BYRON, after brief fight with his dinner companion, to shorten his sword and fatally stab him. *Eheu!* The good old days!

VALENTIA still breathlessly reading the story when the cry "Who goes home?" broke the stillness of the Lobby. The SPEAKER had left the chair and the Easter Holidays had begun.

Business done.—Adjourned till Monday week, 7th April.

FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



WILLIE SHAKESPEARE SAVING HIS BACON.

O SI SIC OMNES.

[The local authorities of the Rhine and Moselle districts have been ordered to prohibit all advertisements that would mar the scenery in their districts.]

THE epitome of travel
Is to worry, yawn and cavil
At the boredom of the journey all the day,
And in almost every region
There are pretty near a legion
Of devices for distraction on the way.

Tourists of a foreign nation
Have their "cars of observation"
To compel them from the shelter of their rugs,
But the happy, happy Briton
The expedient has hit on
Of enjoying an analysis of drugs.

For an advertising frolic
Shows the terrors of the colic
And its cure upon the summit of a hill,
Or conceals a lovely river
With a remedy for liver,
And the merits of a liniment or pill.

Now, I'd like to preach a sermon
On the methods of the German
As evinced upon the Rhine and the Moselle;

If advertisements were shifted
We should find that we were gifted
With a little bit of scenery as well.

Let the hideous and chronic
Panegyric on a tonic
Decorate the sweet security of streets,
Leaving Nature, quite unaided,
For the seedy and the jaded
In her solitude's unspeakable retreats.

THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

(Anent Popularity as a Student.)

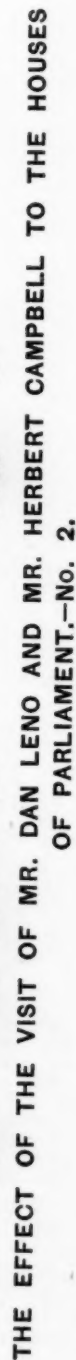
HAVING treated of two classes of the student tribe, I will now come to the average "good sort of chap" student. He does not particularly insist upon his connection with his adopted profession, but keeps in touch with his brethren. He joins the I.C.R.V., takes tickets for anything going on, and puts in an occasional but pleasant appearance in Hall and Common Room. He is liked by Bench, Bar, and the permanent officials. To quote a popular comic opera, "he does nothing in particular, but does it well"—on the whole the best model for a just-joined student who wants to be popular.

And now, to allow time for the process of digestion, I pause in my "hints for guidance." But I think it right to say that I have had great difficulty in dealing with the would-be purchasers of my robes. I have received tenders for them, ranging from one-and-fourpence—evidently despatched by a droll—to the higher figure of £11,867 4s. 3½d. The letter containing the last proposed purchase bore the Hanwell postmark and therefore is open to hostile criticism.

Until the question of the robes is decided, I prefer to keep my fee book out of the market. It is as good as new, and contains a single entry. I shall reserve, however, the right to remove the page with its inscription. It is interesting to me as a record of my maiden brief. It has rather a sentimental than a financial value. The debt recorded has, long since, been barred by the Statute of Limitations.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court.





Attentive Friend. "REGGIE, OLD BOY, I'VE JUST LOOKED IN TO ASK HOW YOU ARE, AND HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR WIFE, EH? SHE IS ALL THE BETTER FOR HER STAY AT CANNES?"

Devoted Husband. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR SHE DOESN'T SAY MUCH IN HER LETTERS; BUT I PERSONALLY HAVE DERIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM HER PROLONGED STAY IN THE SOUTH!"

THE VERY LATEST AT THE ZOO.

"WILD horses shouldn't drag me there," is a familiar form of expression. But "Wild horses *did* drag me there," that is, the announcement that "wild horses" had arrived and were on view at "the Zoo" was an attraction so powerful that, throwing up every other engagement, I determined, at all hazards, to hurry away to the Gardens and see these fiery untamed steeds. To prepare myself I read HADJI's account of the Amazons, I refreshed myself with *Mazeppa*, and regarded with admiration

that wonderful picture, of which I have a very inferior print, representing poor *Mazeppa* bound to the plunging Tartar—someone had caught a Tartar for him with a vengeance—and eyeing with an affectingly pleading expression, yet with something of the connoisseur-in-horses about it, the other wild buck-jumpers all very much startled and wilder than ever. Then I had a look at ROSA BONHEUR's horses "rightly struggling to be free," and by this time, having grasped the subject of "wild horses" generally, and my temperature being up to boiling heat, I

dashed off in the best cab obtainable (would that a wild horse, at a shilling a mile and something extra for the driver, had been in the shafts!), and at last drove up, in as fine style as the broken-down-come-up-will-yer horse could show, to the gates of the Zoo. To find a keeper, to adjure him by all he held sacred to indicate the whereabouts of the wild horses, and to inquire sympathetically after their health, was the work of half a second. For him to reply took about a minute, and then, disregarding bears, vultures, leopards, tigers, lions and seals, I sped downwards through the tunnel and up again t'other side, avoided elephants, monkeys, cats, parrots, snakes and hippos, and at last came upon a muddy path with two planks laid along it for foot-passengers. Evidently along this path had been led, blindfolded of course, the plunging, kicking, snorting, biting, savage steeds! Now I should see them in all their native ferocity! Now I should gather some idea of what *Mazeppa's* feelings must have been on beholding the sort of snorting, rearing, Hanwellian steed on whose back he was to be cruelly bound with ropes and thongs.

Aha! the cage at last. A place strongly railed in—well, not so strongly as I should have expected—and—and . . . dear me! Let me look at the label. . . . Yes—no mistake about it . . . "The Wild Horses." What a marvellously soothing effect must the civilised treatment they have received at the Zoo have had upon their savage natures! Wonderful! Here they are. . . . The wild horses! . . .

As my object is to send everybody who may be really interested in wild horses to view these latest arrivals, expecting to see them

"With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretched by pain . . ."
"The wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,"

I will not by any attempt at realistic description discount the agreeable surprise in store for them on beholding some seven or eight ragged-looking unkempt polo ponies considerably out of condition, their lack-lustre eyes taking no notice of spectators or of one another, but quietly and contentedly nibbling at such tufts of grass as they could, in a connoisseur-like way, select from the mud and mess in which they were moving.

So I left them and visited the amusing seals just at their dinner-hour, and afterwards was just in time to catch the performing penguin at supper.

"For O, for O, the Hobbyhorse is forgot!" I mean the horse that was once upon a time my hobby, the wild horse, ever associated with the bare-

backed steed to which *Mazeppa* was bound in Lord BYRON's poem and in the ancient equestrian melodrama at ASTLEY's, once the pride and glory of the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge Road! Of this wild horse "as he appears" I can only say that he is

"Slack and slow,
His savage force at length o'ersepent,
The drooping courser, faint and low . . ."

And so forth. As to low, if the ex-wild horses that I saw stood more than four and a-half hands, then my two eyes deceived me. However, let everybody interested in wild horses lose no time in repairing to the Zoo to see these new arrivals. After a course of superior feeding, such as they will receive here, they may regain their original wildness, or at least may come to know the sort of thing that is expected of them.

PRE-CENTAUR.

POLITICS IN NURSERYLAND.

(By Mr. Punch's Fancy Reporter.)

At the monthly meeting of nursery imps held the other evening in the toy district of Kiddy-minster, the painful story of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog was discussed in all its bearings by the members.

She had no business (urged a primrose-coloured doll) to have neglected keeping an account of the impoverished condition of the cupboard. He blamed her severely for her want of forethought and preparation. Not being related to her in any way he could only speak as an outside critic of her domestic abilities, and these, he thought, sadly lacked efficiency. The cupboard ought to have been kept well stocked with metaphors. (Frantic cheers from three blind mice.) It was true metaphors required a certain amount of assimilation, yet, failing a bone, a metaphor would serve excellently as food for the dog—food for reflection at any rate. Personally, he held Mother Hubbard in the highest esteem, but as a domestic economist he considered her a fraud.

A small China terrier then rose to say that, while agreeing with the necessity of blaming Mother Hubbard, he thought the previous speaker had failed to go deep enough. There were two points he wished to raise: first, that such cheap and unwholesome food as metaphors be excluded from the pantry, and that bones alone be kept, as he believed strongly in acting *pro bono publico*. (Interruptions, someone calling out, "Sit down, pro-bone.") The second point was, he would advocate the policy of the open door. ("Hear, hear," from all the toy dogs.) This would give the dog freedom of access. (Shouts of "What



C. L. SPENCE

Lady (district visiting). "YOUR WIFE IS ALWAYS HARD AT WORK, AND YOU SEEM TO BE ALWAYS IDLING. DO YOU EVER DO ANYTHING TO SUPPORT YOUR HOUSE?"

Ruffian. "YUS. OI LEANS AGIN IT!"

about one dog one bone?" and other discordant cries.)

A Welsh Rarebit (from the Doll's House kitchen) then strongly advocated an extension of the terrier's policy. Why only bones? Why not chops and steaks for the dogs? And why shouldn't Mother Hubbard allow her dog to eat at table with her as well as have a control in the domestic arrangements. Where were her family? No mention had been made of them. Possibly she had made away with them

and was now trying to starve the dog. They distrusted the name of Hubbard so much that they felt she could do no right.

Master Boy Blue was understood to say that the age of the lady was largely responsible for the sordidness of the episode. He would suggest that Master Hubbard (he believed such a one existed) should control domestic arrangements.

The meeting was still proceeding when our reporter fell asleep.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS.—A RAILWAY STATION.

A DETECTIVE DIARY.

(Scribbled on the blank pages of a Counsel's fee book.)

Monday.—Really an excellent idea. Things so quiet in chambers that "criminal investigation" seems promising. Chance later on of publication. *Sherlock Holmes* fictitious. My adventures absolutely real. Better than wearing a wig and gown daily, with nothing whatever else to do in the way of more active employment.

Tuesday.—Papers full of bank robbery. Must disguise myself. Blue spectacles. As well to keep my identity concealed. Never do for a member of the Bar to act as a detective. Visit the bank premises. Criminals have way of haunting the scenes of their crimes. Believe I have discovered the man. Red hair, brown coat and blue spectacles. Stealthily follow him. He disappears when I reach my rooms. Enough for to-day. Intend to continue my pursuit, if possible, to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Look out of the window and there is my man, in black wig, green



Mrs. Dorset (of "Dorset's Sugar and Butter Stores," Mile End Road). "WHY ON EARTH CAN'T WE GO TO A MORE DRESSY PLACE THAN THIS, 'ENERY! I'M SICK OF THIS DREARY 'OLE, YEAR AFTER YEAR. IT'S NOTHING BUT SAND AND WATER, SAND AND WATER!"

Mr. Dorset. "IF IT WASN'T FOR SAND AND WATER, YOU WOULDN'T GET NO 'OLERDAY!"

coat and blue spectacles. Shadow him. We go together to all parts of town. Camberwell, the Tower, Brixton and Shepherd's Bush. I lost sight of him on returning to my rooms.

Thursday.—Real good luck! As I look out of my window I recognise my bank-breaker. Yellow wig, white coat and blue spectacles. More shadowing. We visit Kensal Green, Chiswick, and Dalston. Lose sight of him on arriving at my rooms.

Friday.—A strange coincidence! He is again looking up at my window! This time disguised as a parson. Ecclesiastical get-up, and the invariable blue spectacles. Shadow him as before. Visit Brighton and Margate. On return to town he vanishes in his customary manner. Determine to seize him to-morrow.

Saturday.—Outside my rooms as usual. Rush up to him and arrest him. He arrests me, and as he has hand-cuffs he has slightly the better of it. Appears he is a detective himself! Am waiting patiently to be bailed out!